

The Jacksonville Miner

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'Taint So' Avers Viewer of Pigtail

According to George Little, veteran curator of the Museum of Southern Oregon, life never runs smoothly for any length of time. Just when he was getting a party of tourists interested in exhibits at the institution last week he ran smack into a Skeptic. George's trouble was caused directly by the pigtail on display bearing such a heavy burden of dig Sticky real estate.

When the curious tail emerging from a giant ball of Sticky's best was pointed out the following conversation was indulged in:

"Don't try to tell me that is a pigtail."

"Yes, mam, from Big Sticky a few miles from this very spot."

"You might get away with that statement with some people, but I happen to be an Oregonian."

"Have you lived here long?"

"All my life. You can't kid me."

"You must not be very observative—every school child for miles has seen Big Sticky pigtails, Madam."

"I don't see why you persist in telling this exaggeration."

"My dear lady, I am here only to explain exhibits to strangers. It is not my purpose to misrepresent things, and furthermore, it is far from necessary. Southern Oregon offers too varied an assortment of the world's most extraordinary exhibits to necessitate misrepresentation. Proof of nearly every item in this building lies almost at stone's throw."

"Hmph!"

(At this juncture the door slammed with violence and the crowd diminished by one person.)

VALUE OF OREGON DOLLAR —IF YOU EVER GET ONE!

How much has the dollar increased in value since the last big "prosperous" year of 1929? Seeking to answer that question, John M. Rae, assistant professor of business administration in the University of Oregon, has just completed a survey of commodity prices in Eugene. He finds that \$1 today will purchase as much as \$1.51 used to buy in 1929. Women's wear and groceries were noted as the lines in which the greatest price declines had been shown. In the automotive world, his figures indicate, a mechanically superior car is now sold for less money than the model of 1929 used to bring.—The Commonwealth Review.

FREE RANGE WIRING SERVICE PROVES POPULAR

The free range wiring service instituted by The California Oregon Power company last year has proved popular throughout the entire Copco system and has made it possible for many local housewives to enjoy the many conveniences and benefits of electric cooking. Through the Copco plan it is now possible to purchase and install an electric range without having to make an additional investment in the special range wiring. This unusual offer includes all wiring in connection with the installation of not only the range but the water heater as well and means a substantial saving of \$35 or more to local purchasers of this modern, labor-saving equipment for the home. The offer is not restricted to equipment purchased from the power company's appliance stores but also includes ranges and water heaters purchased from any furniture, hardware or electric dealer in the territory served by Copco.

Many residents of southern Oregon have availed themselves of this liberal offer on the part of The California Oregon Power company and are now enjoying the benefits of electric cooking and the low cooking rates offered by the local utility.

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Why We Have A Depression

(Continued from page one)

time. The debacle ushered in the Machine Age and the Consolidation and Combination Fad of Self-Destruction.

People went modern. Anything touted as new or modern was accepted forthwith as a Good Thing. The term "scientific" was dusted off and rammed down our gullible throats. We were told, taught and reminded that "the old order changeth"—that it was a cardinal sin to not accept the new and be caught with an old-fashioned idea. Every season new models were brought out in living standards, business methods and legislation. Age in anything became a leprosy to be shunned with horror. And the old code of ethics of business to "live and let live" fell along with the belief that woman's place was in the home. Efficiency experts and accounting nuts began to preach to us that it was good business to eliminate this, cut out that and merge these two, to do away with that scourge of profit—overhead. They were so busy with pencil, paper, scissors and operating knives that they forgot to figure consequences after their business Utopia had been realized.

Human proclivity for greed and power was patted on the back, encouraged in schools and taught in magazines. It was spoken of as ambition—the will to forge ahead. The fact that every time one man gets more than his portion of needs and luxuries he must rob them of another was overlooked. We were given to understand there was plenty in the world for all of us to become rich—that it was a virtue to gain financial dominance and amass untold millions we or anybody else would never enjoy. Billionaires were pointed out to us as the great, honest men of the day; the shining examples and infallible guides for a successful career. And, under this favorable cultivation, chain stores grew from a seedling in the southern states to the monopolistic giant they are today. We thought we were modern and ultra-conservative when we rushed to the newest chain, rented-building emporium. We were so imbued with elimination of waste boloney that we failed to notice the Wall Street hand in the till of the new-fangled money-grabbing, slave-driving octopus which was smothering our time-honored neighbors who continued to struggle along as independents.

Our powers of observation were dimmed by ballyhoo and hokum to the fact that all these eliminations of overhead and operating expense were not made for our benefit, but rather for the express purpose of enabling some group of magnates who already had enough money to buy the state to double and treble their fat incomes. Our attention was focused on the fact that great men were making commendable strides—the new order was blossoming gloriously forth. We were too busy running into each new chain store that was opened to ponder the significance of the phenomena of one man, starting with but one little shop, in less than three years amassing a fortune of millions and controlling the grocery business in 200 cities and towns. That man started the well-known Piggly Wiggly stores—Clarence (Sole Owner of My Name) Saunders. And now, when many of us are broke and wishing our neighborhood merchant was in a position so that he could carry us till work opens up as he used to do, we begin to see the awful effects of distant interests pulling money from our communities which will never be returned. We begin to wish that, instead of some board of directors in the east feathering their nest, our local businessman had

accumulated his share of the profits of business so that he could retain his old position as refuge in times like these. Instead of being a safe port in a storm, the local, home-owned, independent merchant has, in many cases, been driven by us to the head of the headline.

We are finding out, much to our sorrow and hunger, that capital is not interested in us one whit—it is our money it came west for. If you don't believe us, try to buy a spoiled potato in a chain store on credit. Then check up on the local, home-town, home-owned merchant's books and you will see that every needy family has been granted from \$25 to \$800 credit, and more, by a businessman who may be facing red ink himself. Big business gets all the federal backing, the reconstruction finances, the farm board aid and legislative favors, yet makes no effort to tide the people who feed it over a hard winter. The independent merchant has never sought governmental favors, yet he is and has always been the greatest charitable institution in the land to the poor, hungry common man.

And the greatest irony of human nature is the fact that the poor devil who is most likely to need help when times get tough takes his cash to a chain store. He foolishly, when there is plenty, destroys the very ones he will have to depend on when the family sock is empty—the independent, home-owned merchant! But, thank heaven, human nature possesses the priceless quality of redeeming itself—and it is very probable that, after few more seasons of suffering from the effects of bad buying habits, human nature will swing the great pendulum in another extreme—back to the door of the businessmen who are real American citizens—even as you and I.

WHO GOT THE 168 POUNDS?

The Tacoma Times tells of a farmer who sold a 200-pound pig to the packers for \$8.36. The next day he went to a retail meat market and was told that for \$8.36 they

would sell him 32 pounds of pork; and now the farmer is wondering who got the other 168 pounds, and if the people that buy pork know that the farmer gets only 16 cents out of every dollar they pay for it.

Fick and Lindley's Picture Quiz

Symbol of An Oriental Country



QUESTIONS

- 1—What country is it?
- 2—Of what country is the lion a symbol?
- 3—Of what country is the cock a symbol?
- 4—Of what country is the rising sun a symbol?
- 5—Of what country is the Maltise cross a symbol?

ANSWERS

- 1—China.
- 2—England.
- 3—France.
- 4—Japan.
- 5—Germany.

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BELOW HEALTH STANDARD

Owing to unemployment, part-time work and wage cuts, the American Federation of Labor estimates that 40,000,000 persons in the United States are now living below the minimum standard of health.

HENRY FORD'S VIEWS ON ADVERTISING

Henry Ford recently said: "It seems to me a waste of time to have to urge people to buy in this country. That is not the manufacturer's business anyway. His business is to make something so good at a price so low they cannot help buying." Incidentally, that mere statement, published free of charge, is good advertising; so Ford is a good advertiser anyway.

What about this summer!

Electricity will do your cooking for

ONE CENT
per meal per person

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THE CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY

